Diese Abteilung ist für die Familienglieder, welche am liebsten Deutsch lesen.

Ein Wort über das Vorschreiten deutscher Kultur.

Als im August des letzten Jahres der Weltkrieg wie ein Blitz aus heiterem Himmel über Europa hereinbrach, als die deutschen Kanonen Lüttich zerschmetterten, als ein Teil des altehrwürdigen Löwen in rauchende Flammen aufging, als deutsche Bomben und Granaten die herrliche Kathedrale in Rheims trafen, da ging ein Sturm der Entrüstung durch den Blätterwald der Alliierten; von England wurde die Losung ausgegeben: so kämpfen nur Barbaren, und die anglophile amerikanische Presse konnte sich nicht genug tun, diese Hunnen von Mitteleuropa wegen ihrer blinden Zerstörungswut und ihrem Vandalismus zu brandmarken. In zollgroßen Lettern laßen wir von den Schandtaten der Soldaten im feldgrauen Mantel, Spezialberichterstatter schilderten wie deutsche Ulanen Kinder auf ihre Lanzen spießten, eine Engländerin behauptete, daß deutsche Soldaten einer Roten Kreuz-Schwester beide Brüste mit dem Säbel vom Leibe geschnitten hatten. Wir lasen von geschändeten Frauen, sahen Bilder in unseren illustrierten Wochenblättern auf denen deutsche Soldaten Frauen und Kinder vor sich hertrieben, um sich vor dem Angriff der Engländer zu verstecken; noch mehr, wir hörten, daß sie selbst ihre eigenen Verwundeten nicht schonten, aus den Leibern der Gefallenen Schutzhügeln bauten; kurz und gut, der Krieg wurde unverhohlen als ein Kampf des Barbarentums gegen die Civilisation, als ein Angriff Attilas und Geiserichs gegen die Kunst und Freiheit, Wissenschaft und Kultur, gegen alles Gute, Edle und Schöne hingestellt.

Und das in einem Lande in dem 20 Millionen Menschen leben, die deutsches Blut in den Adern haben, in denen Hunderttausende Deutsch als ihre Muttersprache sprechen, in denen Millionen Acker von deutschem Schweiße fruchtbar gemacht wurden; das in einem Lande in welchem hunderte deutscher Unterrichtsanstalten wirken; in einem Lande, das tausende deutscher Lehrer und Pfarrer, Aerzte und Ingenieure beherbergt, in einem Lande, wo Mozarts sonnige Weisen erklingen, wo Schuberts innige Lieder gesungen werden. Barbaren die Deutschen, die Amerika einen General wie von Steuben, einen Krieger wie De Kalb, einen Staatsmann wie Karl Schurz geschenkt haben! Barbaren die Leute die das praktische Amerika zuweilen mit leisem Spott das Volk der Dichter und Denker, der Schwärmer und Gefühlsduseler genannt. Es klingt unglaublich, daß man in einem solchen Lande den Einwand des Barbarentums zurückweisen muß, daß es angesichts all dieser Tatsachen nötig ist, Deutschland als Kulturträger zu schildern.

Legen wir zunächst nach alter deutscher Weise den Begriff fest, ehe wir das Wort gebrauchen. Nicht Seifenverbrauch, nicht die Menge der Badewannen, nicht der Schnitt der Kleidung, die Höhe der Kragen und Manschetten. Was versteht man unter Kultur? Das Wort kommt her vom lateinischen colere. Das heißt bebauen, hegen, pflegen. Kultur ist Pflege des Lebens.

Die Voraussetzung einer nationalen oder Volkskultur ist eine staatliche Einigung. Solange Deutschland nur ein geographischer Begriff war, ein Land in dem von Hamburg bis Basel, oder von Aachen bis Tilsit zwei Dutzend Grenzlinien errichtet waren, indem man dreißigmal den Paß avisieren lassen mußte, konnte sich keine einige Volkswirtschaft und noch weniger eine nationale Kultur erbauen. Jedes einzelne Ländchen war wirtschaftlich zu schwach, politisch zu unbedeutend und das ganze national zu zerrissen, um ein imponierendes Ganze nach außen, ein unabhängiges freies Volk nach außen zu bilden, kleinlicher Stammeshader und schmähliche Unterdrückung durch ausländische Tyrannen, das ist der Inhalt der deutschen Geschichte von Karl V. oder besser vom dreißigjährigen Kriege bis 1870. Deutschland war das Schlachtfeld Europa's, auf dem sich bald die Soldaten eines Schweden Gustav Adolf, bald die Horden des Zaren, bald die Sansculotten Napoleons tummelten. Was deutscher Fleiß und Tüchtigkeit, deutsche Architektur und Kunst geschaffen, wurde von Fremdlingen geraubt, in die Fremde geschleppt, durch Feuer zerstört, durch Barbarismus geschändet. Die moderne Presse grollt über die teilweise Zerstörung Löwens, über die Bedrohung Rheims. Man möchte diese Herren fragen; haben sie je die Ruinen des Heidelberger Schlosses gesehen, je von den Greueln des Schwedenkriegs gelesen? Von den Einfällen der Franzosen unter Ludwigs XVI. gehört? Haben sie gehört, daß Napoleons Reiter den Kölner Dom zum Pferdestall erniedrigten, daß deutsche Glocken eingeschmolzen und in Kugelgestalt zum Todesboten deutscher Bauernsöhne und Handwerker wurden?!

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Die fünf Milliarden Franks Kriegsentschädigung von Frankreich in 1871 war das Wiegengeschenk für das junge Reiche und es hat prächtig damit gearbeitet. Der ungeheure materielle Fortschritt der letzten 30 Jahre zeigt sich am grellsten in der interessanten Tatsache, daß Deutschland im Stande gewesen ist, die Bevölkerungszunahme von 20 Millionen auf seinem Boden zu beherbergen, daß es imstande ist, den jährlichen Bevölkerungszuwachs von 900,000 zu ernähren, daß es imstande ist, noch tausenden italienischen, österreichischen und russischen Einwanderern Platz zu machen. Deutschland war bis in die 80er Jahre hinein ein Auswanderungsland, das jährlich ungefähr 200,000 Erwachsene ins Ausland sandte, senden mußte, weil sie im Inland nichts zu nagen und zu beißen hatten. Es war ein armes Land, das vornehmlich vom Ackerbau lebte, das seine regelmäßigen Hungerperioden hatte. Ihr alten Einwanderer vor 1870 versteht es, daß es Regel war, nur ein oder zweimal in der Woche Fleisch auf dem Tisch zu sehen, daß ihr keine Teppiche und Schaukelstühle kanntet, daß ein Piano ein unerhörter Luxusartikel war, daß ihr für 30 bis 50 Cents 12 bis 14 Stunden zu arbeiten hattet. In der Zeit fand Deutschland den Uebergang zum Industriestaat. Man braucht nicht alles an dieser Maschinenkultur zu loben. Es ist eine Tatsache, daß sie ihre dunklen, kalten Seiten hat. Aber auch der größte Neider muß gestehen, daß Deutschland materiell ungeheure Fortschritte gemacht hat. Bergbau, Industrie, Transportwesen haben Millionen Werte geschaffen. Konservative Rechner schätzen den deutschen Nationalreichtum auf 300 Milliarden Mark. Nur auf sich selbst gestellt durch eigene Tüchtigkeit, durch den Schweiß seiner Arbeit, den Fleiß seiner Forscher und nicht zuletzt die Sparsamkeit seiner Hausfrauen hat es sich von Armut zu Reichtum, von Hunger zum Ueberfluß emporgearbeitet.

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Und wollt Ihr den höchsten Ausdruck einer großen kunstfreudigen deutschen Kultur sehen, versetzt Euch für einen Moment über den stürmischen Ozean, kreuzt den Kanal wo die deutschen Unterseeboote jetzt Tod und Verderben bringen, wo die deutschen Tauben dem gallischen Hahn ihre Eier ins Nest legen, wo die Zeppeline sich die Lüfte untertan machen. Geht hin zur Antwerpener Kathedrale, die die deutschen Barbaren wie ihren Augapfel geschont, tretet ein in die gewaltigen Räume, die die niederländischen Künstler des Mittelalters geschaffen. Es ist der Morgen an dem die Barbaren die Stadt eingenommen haben; sie sind nicht plündernd in die Häuser gedrungen, haben keine Frauen geschändet wie die zivilisierten Russen in Tilsit, nein, 10,000 von ihnen sind zur Kathedrale gezogen. Ein Offizier in des Barbarenkaisers Waffenrock ist zur Orgel gestürmt und aus 10,000 Barbarenkehlen ist ein Dankfied zum Schöpfer des Weltalls gestiegen, aus 10,000 Barbarenkehlen ist ein Te Deum erklungen, das „Großer Gott wir loben Dich". Vor den Menschen ein Adler, vor Gott ein Wurm! das ist die höchste Blüte deutscher Kultur.

Schamlose Lügen.

„Wehe wenn sie losgelassen!" so kann man von der sich in tollem Kriegstanze wie wahnsinnig gebärdenden anglophilen Presse mit Recht sagen. Man sollte angesichts solcher Orgien, wie sie die Ehrlosigkeit, Lüge und Heuchelei in den Spalten gewisser amerikanischer Blätter feiert, doch glauben, daß selbst den fanatischsten Deutschenhasser abstoßen muß. Nur ein Beispiel:

Dieser Tage ging durch die Abend- und Morgenblätter englischer Sprache die natürlich in London fabrizierte Meldung, daß der amerikanische Gesandte in Berlin, J. W. Gerard, die Amerikaner in Deutschland aufgefordert habe, das deutsche Gebiet binnen 48 Stunden zu verlassen da der Krieg unvermeidlich sei. Und nun sieht sich das Staats-Departement in Washington zu der Erklärung veranlaßt, daß die ganze Geschichte auf Schwindel beruht. Aber Hetze um jeden Preis, ist das Motto einer gewissen Presse. Und das sind diejenigen, welche sich einbilden, daß der Präsident aus ihrem Geschrei die Stimme des Volkes zu vernehmen wünscht.

Wer Krieg will kann nach Europa gehen.

Der Sprecher des nationalen Abgeordnetenhauses, Champ Clark, hat jedenfalls Millionen von Amerikanern aus der Seele gesprochen, als er kürzlich sagte, er bedaure, daß er nicht jeden Jingo, der mit seinen Kriegsheulereien das Land unsicher mache beim Kragen nehmen und über den Ozean in einen der Schützengräben auf dem europäischen Kriegsschauplatz befördern könne.

And Along Came Patty

By Mary Gertrude Sheridan

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"Nothing will ever mend it!" sobbed Eunice Martin.

"Mend what?" questioned her friend and confidant, Mrs. Almie Tresham.

"My broken heart!" was the wailing response.

"Nonsense! Why, child, you are making a mountain out of a mole hill Young men must have their swing. Mr. Tresham himself, sedate and well-behaved as he is now, was a positive chevalier before I married him."

"I despise flirting!" flashed out Eunice.

"And your affianced lover, Roy Porter, has been flirting, has he?"

"Abominably. And worse!" pronounced Eunice severely. "He is down at Brook Haven—for a week's rest, he claimed. I have some friends there. They say that he is the constant companion of a dashing young lady whom nobody knows. They are out automobiling most of the time. They are almost inseparable. They take long, mysterious jaunts. Oh, my!" and fair Eunice broke down in tears.

"Why don't you write to him and call him to time?" suggested Mrs. Tresham.

"Oh, never that! I'd wear my heart out first. I'm too proud for that."

"Well, Eunice," spoke her friend soberly, "you should have encouraged my brother Walter. You had won him half way out of his shyness and then

"Why Don't You Write to Him?"

dropped him for Roy. I am sure he would never cause you any jealousy."

Distressed as Eunice was, the suggestion was too ludicrous.

"Oh, my, no—dear old Walter? He's good as gold, but he never thought of me in any way except as his sister's friend. Why, Walter cares more for a rare bird's egg or a new butterfly specimen than he does for all the women in the world. But Roy—oh, it's hard to lose faith in him after we were so happy," and Eunice wept on her friend's shoulder, the latter trying to console her and promising to help out some way in the situation.

But how? Mrs. Tresham dubiously questioned herself as she started homewards, and then—along came Patty.

Never was a friend and adviser more welcomed. Unexpected, too, but then Patty was always bobbing in at odd minutes in her queer, erratic, flashing way.

"Why, my dear girl!" cried Mrs. Tresham tumultuously. "Who ever expected to see you?"

"Didn't you invite me last year?"

"I did; and certainly reinvite you now!" declared Mrs. Tresham enthusiastically, with a lively remembrance of this "everybody's friend," who had ruled the girls at the college, a popular queen.

There had been but one Patty, and she "just came along." A new, strange student found a wise and powerful chaperone in Patty; the homesick were petted and nursed into content by this bright, heartsome creature, who had never had a home of her own.

When Patty chirped the robins used to sit around and call back, she had so sweet and compelling a warble. Should Patty whistle to a dispirited dog, the animal straightway plucked up hope and courage and went into a spasm of delight, tracing an end to its hunger in the promising twinkle of Patty's eye.

She was twenty-four, but petite, and looked sixteen. Patty had the wisdom of forty-six. She had come to visit her old school friend just in the nick of time, it seemed, for next morning Mrs. Tresham told her about the troubles of mourning Eunice, and Patty's clever eyes sparkled.

"A naughty boy—tiff—hearts sundered—oh, dear me! I'll have to try and mend all that. Just as soon as I get through looking over those wonderful specimens of beetles that wonderful brother of yours half showed me yesterday, I'll take a run down to Brook Haven and look over the ground."

"Why, you speak pretty fine of that dull, self-centered brother of mine, Patty!" smiled Mrs. Tresham.

"Walter?" replied Patty effusively. "I dote on him! He's the most sensible, and therefore the most interesting young man I have met in a year."

"I declare!" Walter told his sister in his grave, matter-of-fact way after Patty had gone, "this Patty of yours is the most congenial and original young lady I ever knew."

"She's original, yes," smiled Mrs. Tresham, "and a regular driveahead. I always loved her, she is such a bright, busy, helpful little mite. I love her more than ever since she said some nice things about you."

"About me!" gasped Walter, and his face turned red as a beet, but his eyes expressed rare content.

"It's all right about your trouble with Roy," the young society matron assured Eunice the following day.

"Why do you say that?" murmured Eunice, still in the depths of suspicion, jealousy and despair over her absent lover.

"Well, along came Patty, and I told her everything, and because she is my friend and you are mine, she is going to see this affair out. She has gone down to Brook Haven. Oh, trust me, Patty will straighten out this tangle!"

"But maybe—maybe," faltered Eunice, "she will fall in love with Roy herself!"

"You odious creature!" railed Mrs. Tresham—"when I am wanting her for a sister-in-law!"

"Oh, I know Roy has completely forgotten me," declared Eunice utterly crushed and wretched the next evening, as she sat on the porch weeping and her friend trying to console her. "I haven't had a letter from Roy for two days now. And a friend at Brook Haven wrote me that he and this Miss Betty are together more than ever."

"We shall hear from Patty soon, I hope," soothingly spoke Mrs. Tresham, and then abruptly: "There is somebody!"

An automobile had chugged up to the curb. A light form in chauffeur garb leaped lightly to the pavement and advanced jauntily up the graveled garden path.

"Mrs. Tresham here?" spoke up a bold, silvery voice. "Oh, yes!" and Patty, irresistible, audacious, vimful, threw up the visor of the cap she wore, disclosing bright, smiling eyes.

"Why Patty! What are you doing in this trim? Miss Martin, this is the dear friend I have told you about," spoke Mrs. Tresham.

"You poor, grieving dear!" and impulsive Patty took Eunice by the arms and kissed her first on one cheek and then on the other, and Eunice blushed at the thought of permitting a kiss from one in masculine attire. "I've only got a few minutes to spare. You see, I am acting as chauffeur for Mr. Porter and his lady friend. I bribed the garage man to let me do it. They are looking over some papers at a farm house near here, and I ran down to ask you two to keep a secret."

"A secret!" repeated Mrs. Tresham, interested.

"A secret!" echoed Eunice, apprehensively.

"Yes. Oh, you dear little goose!" Patty addressed herself to Eunice. "Why, this mysterious Miss Davey is in reality Mrs. Davey. She has a crippled husband and they adore each other. He was not able to come down to this district to straighten out some titles to an estate he inherited. A good friend of Mr. Porter recommended him as a capable lawyer, and Mr. Porter gets his first fee—a thousand dollars. He wants to surprise you, hence his absence on business."

"Oh, how I have wronged dear, dear Roy!" wailed Eunice, in a tempest of tears.

In propria persona, along came Patty the next morning.

Fresh as a daisy, bright as a dewdrop, sweet and womanly, but with a happy sparkle in her eyes, her first query of Mrs. Tresham was:

"Where is Walter?"—and that told the story.

Dome of St. Paul's.

The origin of the famous dome of St. Paul's, which has puzzled London architects for many generations, appears to have been solved by experts of the Royal Asiatic society. They now say it was copied from the fourteenth century wooden dome of the Great Mosque at Damascus. Thus is has had a pagan origin, distinctively indicated by its inner and outer shell. When Timur, the Asiatic conqueror, sacked Damascus, at the close of the fourteenth century, he carried the idea of the Great Mosque back home. The dome spread over Persia, and appeared in India in the sixteenth century. The Persians covered their domes with gilded tiles, which somethimes can be seen flashing thirty miles away. The Persians discovered how a really large dome could be set over a square chamber, a problem the Romans failed to solve.

Daylight-Saving Scheme.

Considerable attention is now being given throughout Canada to a so-called daylight-saving scheme. The movement in Halifax is in accord with an effort all over the dominion to have the clocks put back one hour on April 1 each year, continuing to some autumn month, in order to give more daylight for work and pleasure. Meetings are now being held all over Canada with a view to bringing the matter to the attention of the federal parliament at its next session. The Halifax committee is composed of representatives of the city council, trades and labor council, and wholesale and retail merchants.

He Saw It All.

There is nothing the matter with the "lamps" of an aged Southerner in New York on his first visit. "You have some good lookers here," was his comment. "But I saw a lot of women coming into the hotel the other night with lots of silk dragging that should have been wrapped around their shoulders. But the real sight was one I saw in a dance place uptown. Some of them did not have much of anything on, and what they did wear looked like wet bathing suits on a girl at the beach."

Frank, Anyway.

"I can never marry you—"

"Then you'll break my heart."

"Let me finish. I can never marry you until—"

"Please don't ask me to save up a certain sum of money first. That would take too long."

"Please don't interrupt me again. I can never marry you until I'm convinced nobody else wants me."

British yeomanry forces were first instituted by Lord Chatham in 1761.

Most people can stand poverty better than prosperity—because they are used to it.

Going Through.

"I hear that Jones is on his uppers; is it true?"

"I guess so. I met him this morning and he said he expected to be on his feet in a few days."

Turners Make Good Soldiers.

"More than 15,000 German turners have been decorated with the Iron Cross since the world war was declared," writes Dr. Hugo Ruehl, secretary of the Deutsche Turnerschaft, in a letter to George Brosius, veteran Milwaukee turnmaster.

In commenting upon the ability of turners as soldiers, Prof. Brosius says:

"The exceptional training that turners are given in Germany makes them most efficient as soldiers. There are more than 800,000 serving the kaiser. In their gymnastic training, long marches have always played an important part."

A Cook's Tour.

"I saw your touring car speeding toward the station this morning. Who was the young lady in it?"

"That was our cook."

"What! And you sent her to the station in your big machine?"

"Surest thing you know. We didn't want to take any chances on her missing the eight o'clock train to town. So long, old man. I've got to go and see a doctor about my indigestion."

She Understood.

"I took my wife out to the ball game yesterday," said Fansome.

"I know you suffered," said Parkway.

"Indeed I did! The home team gave a rotten exhibition of ball playing and the caustic comments my wife made kept me squirming until the last man was out."

Logical.

"Why are you so violently opposed to woman suffrage?"

"Women haven't got the intellect to grapple with problems of state. Why, even we men don't know what we's talking about half the time when we's discussing politics."

Would Hurt Business.

"Are you still selling those illuminated signs reading, 'Nix on war talk?'"

"No. I got discouraged and quit."

"What happened?"

"I tried to sell one to a saloon keeper."

Becoming Bald.

"Mamma, I want a new hairbrush."

"Why, Tommie?"

"Because my old one is getting bald."

The college girl's idea of a scandle is the story of another girl's failure to "make" a sorority.

Some men climb up in the world, and a lot more remain at the bottom because the elevator isn't runnning

The Day.

"Is this Friday, mamma?"

"No, darling. This is Thursday."

"Oh, dear! I can hardly wait for Saturday. Uncle George promised to take me to the drug store then and buy me a sundae."

Uncle Sam is in duty bound to take care of his trade relations.

Divided Ownership.

A gentleman while taking a morning walk down a country lane met a boy driving some pigs to market.

"Who do these fine pigs belong to?" asked the gentleman.

"Well," said the boy, "they belong to thad theer big sow."

"No, my boy," said the old gentleman; "I mean who is the master of them?"

"Well," replied the boy, "thad theer little un; 'es a beggar fer fighting."

Very Indiscreet.

"Look here," said Mr. Bonehedde angrily, "I'm not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. That brother of yours called me a fool today, and right in public, too."

"That's just like Tom," replied his wife. "He's always blurting out family secrets."

Her Bright Outlook.

"How are you going to spend the summer?"

"Pa's rented a cottage again, and I suppose I'll spend it in the kitchen cooking fish for our city friends to eat, the way I did last year."—Detroit Free Press.

Love's Dilemma.

"They are both in love with you, Fantine. Which one do you prefer?"

"I can't decide to save my life," said the summer girl. "One has a gorgeous roadster and the other has a stunning motorboat."

Like Joffre or French.

"So you want a position in the army."

"Yes; doing general work, for choice."—Boston Evening Transcript.

The earliest record of any life insurance policy bears the date of June 15, 1583.

SHUNNED BY THE MEXICANS

Caves Supposed to Be "Possessed by the Devil," Into Which None Willingly Enter.

"Ancient caves in different parts of Mexico often contain the skulls and bones of former inhabitants, whether prehistoric or of later times, sometimes containing fine fashioned flint implements.

"The natives, as a rule, fear to go into these places. 'Do not enter, senor,' they will say, as, with Anglo-Saxon lack of superstition, you determine to explore them; 'some evil befalls those who meddle with the remains of the dead.'

"And if they are prevailed upon to assist they cross themselves devoutly before descending or entering. Weird tales they unfold afterward of men who have gone into such places and found their exit barred by some evil spirit, they themselves having been encountered dead and cold upon the cavern floor when discovered by their relatives, who had searched for the missing one!

"According to the peons, the scenes of murder or wickedness which may have taken place in such situations are enacted again to the terrified vision of the unhappy witness who had the temerity to venture ito these places possessed of the devil, for the king of darkness is an ever-present and active element of the poor Mexican's superstitious world."

An Essential Particular.

"Jones can tell the date of the end of the war."

"Which end?"

There are various methods by which trouble may be avoided. One of them is to sell your bulldog.